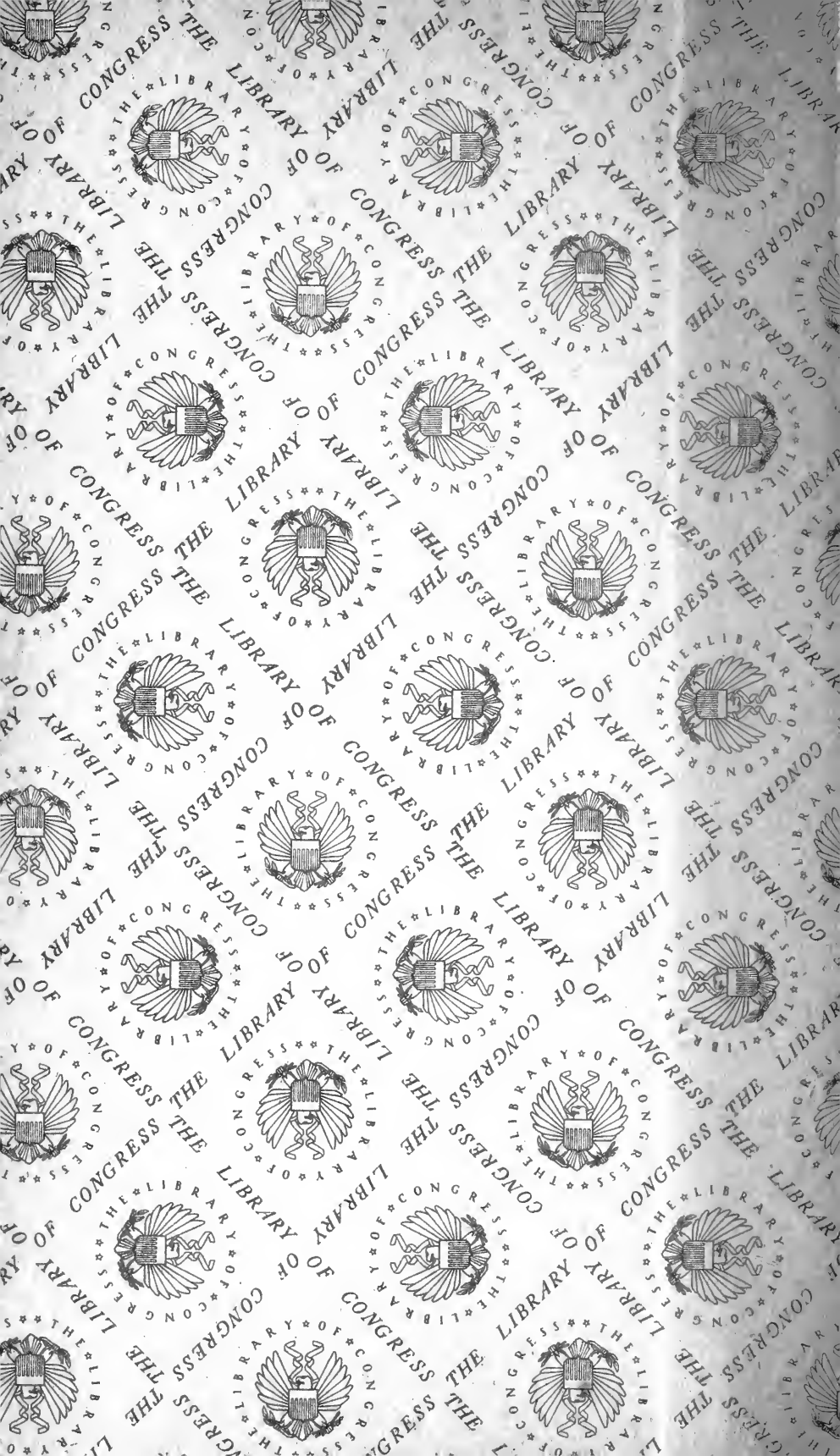
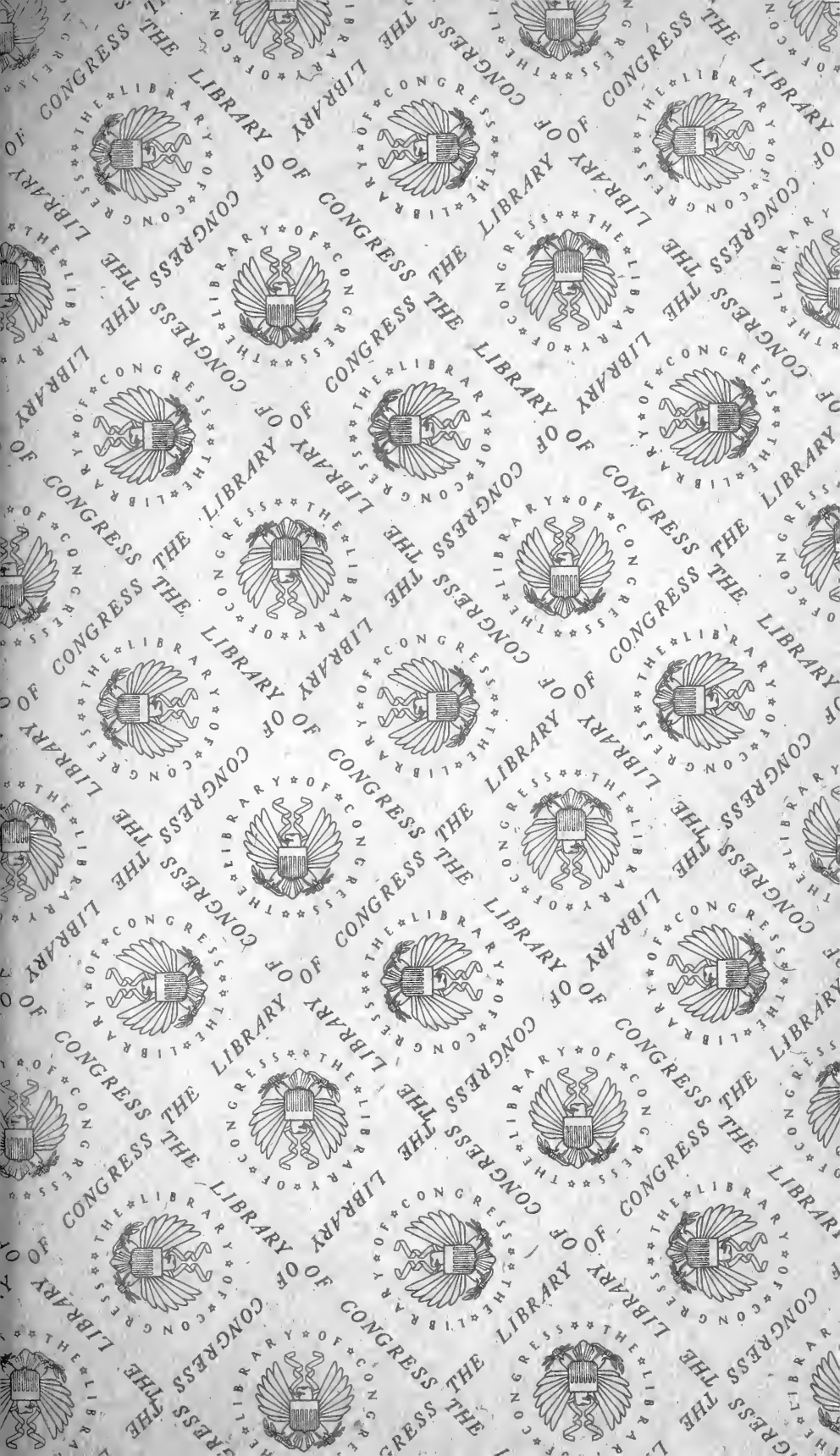


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ON "CULTURE" AND "A LIBERAL
EDUCATION"



ON "CULTURE" AND "A LIBERAL EDUCATION"

*With Lists of Books Which Can
Aid In Acquiring Them*

By

JESSE LEE BENNETT

"Men go to books not—Heaven forbid—for instruction, but for warmth and light, for a thousand new perceptions that struggle inarticulately within themselves, for the enlargement of their experience, the echo of their discords and the companionship of beauty and terror for their troubled souls. They go to literature for life, for more life and keener life, for life as it crystallizes into higher articulateness and deeper significance. The enlargement and clarification of men's experience—that is the function of literature."

Ludwig Lewisohn



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FOREWORD

During journalistic experience of fifteen years, the author of this book has received many scores of letters from men and women of all ages and classes requesting lists of books which could help them to gain "culture" or "a liberal education".

This book has been prepared to meet the demand evidenced by these letters.

It seeks to show that there is nothing mysterious or artificial about culture. It seeks to show that culture is not something tepid and weak to be gained by repression and restraint, but a thing vigorous and robust to be won by the unfolding and developing of the whole nature of the individual.

It seeks to show that anyone who sufficiently desires can secure "a liberal education" without the assistance of colleges or of teachers.

It seeks to direct reading in such fashion that broad comprehension of the field of knowledge can be gained. It seeks to afford a coordinated understanding which sets of "classics" and "masterpieces" and "best

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books" cannot possibly give until mental framework has been constructed into which the various volumes comprising such sets can properly be fitted.

It is obvious that an essay upon culture should have some of the quality of rhythm and serenity which any real culture must bestow. Yet it may be found that the following essay has, rather, a somewhat argumentative—almost controversial—tone. It may appear a defense as well as an exposition of culture.

Some explanation of this anomaly is due. It follows:

The excessively materialistic phase of American civilization is obviously beginning to pass. Wealth and ease have now been possessed so long that aspirations toward aesthetic and cultural development are everywhere manifest. The bitter arraignments of American lack of culture made by such writers as Mencken, VanWyck Brooks, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson and many others have had effect. All classes of the population have become conscious of certain deficiencies in the national life and are beginning to attempt to correct them.

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The first response to this changed national attitude has been the immediate rise of a swarm of quacks seeking to supply the demand for some indesignate thing called "culture" by all sorts of meretricious schemes and devices.

The journals of the country are flooded with advertisements offering "culture" much as if it were a predigested breakfast food. By some of these advertisements "culture" is made synonymous with a highly artificial and unreal etiquette. By others it is made synonymous with mere voluble patter about the most sensational and artificial aspects of literature, music and art. Even by the advertisements of legitimate and able publishers it is often made synonymous with mere sterile and uncoordinated information.

Everywhere there is the implicit assumption that culture can be standardized, packed and labelled for our purchase and consumption, that little effort is necessary for its acquisition.

It is not to be denied that the stridency of the assertions of these multitudinous quacks has left some influence upon the minds even of those who deeply and sincerely desire to develop themselves and to gain that real culture which dignifies and ennobles life.

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At the present time, therefore, it appears essential not only to insist upon what culture *is* but also to insist upon what it *is not*.

Destructive as well as constructive efforts are necessary. And destructive efforts cannot be suave and gentle.

That is the explanation of any *staccato*, un-rhythmic quality which may be felt in the following essay.

ON "CULTURE" AND "A LIBERAL EDUCATION"

Culture is not a mere veneer, a garment, something apart from life. It is an integral part of life.

Colleges and universities do not always give it. Truly cultured men are, indeed, almost as rare in colleges and universities as they are outside them.

The only really educated men are self-educated.

Certainly the only truly cultured men are self-cultivated.

The first—and inexorable—essential to culture is a sincere desire for growth and self-development, a sincere desire to live the fullest and richest life that is possible.

Culture is the art of life. Culture broadens, deepens, quickens the current of life.

The only culture worth consideration becomes as much a part of a man's or woman's being as the lungs or stomach—as necessary to them as air or food.

The acquiring of culture is the developing of an avid hunger for knowledge and beauty.

Such culture cannot be bought as one buys a house or clothes or a motor-car.

It cannot be gained by one who desires only to impress other people with allegedly "superior" knowledge.

It can be acquired only by the use and exercise of a great and sincere curiosity—a desire to know about, to absorb and to enjoy all the infinite treasures of knowledge, of beauty, of art and thought and aspiration which the finest and rarest men and women of all ages have created or produced.

It can be acquired only through effort actuated by a sincere desire to "cultivate" one's mind and sympathies and appreciation much as a farmer must cultivate his plants.

The world is an infinitely complicated place. And every man and woman is, ultimately, alone. Alone in a universe filled with terror and pain and misery but also filled with wonder, with beauty and with splendor.

Knowledge of this wonder, this beauty, this splendor can do much to remove the dread of the harsher aspects of existence which comes—at times—to all of us.

To pass through life without knowledge or understanding of what the great adventure of

living has meant to millions of other men and women of other times and lands, to pass through life without knowledge or understanding of all the great treasures of thought, of literature, of music, of science, of art which are the common heritage of all truly cultivated men throughout the world is to rob oneself of the most enduring satisfaction of life.

Such knowledge and understanding constitutes the background of culture.

It can be acquired by anyone who sufficiently desires. No teachers are necessary. No college is necessary. All that is required is a guide to take you a short distance through the first confusing wilderness of books and to point out some of the paths and directions which will take you to the treasure house which contains the common heritage of all mankind.

Such knowledge and understanding is the birthright of all the ardent, generous and ambitious souls who really desire it. Nothing but their own inertia or apathy can deprive them of it once the keys which open the first few doors and gates which lead to their kingdom have been put in their hands.

It is the object and purpose of this little book to seek to serve as a guide to your her-

itage, to serve as a key which will open a few of the many doors which lead from the tangled, muddled and confused world of everyday to the serene, spacious and nobly-ordered world of culture.

But, inasmuch as mere information does not constitute culture, no mention of specific books can wisely be made until the true nature of culture has been depicted from many viewpoints.

For the acquisition of culture requires more than mere reading. It requires a certain attitude toward life. It requires a certain conception of one's place in the great scheme of things. It requires not only a keen desire for personal growth and expansion but a deliberate enlargement of one's sympathies and tolerances; a study and appraisal of one's prejudices and preconceptions.

Not, alone, what books you read matters. More depends upon what you bring to those books, what attitude you adopt toward them. Few books can teach you very much. But they can stimulate you. They can help to clarify your own thoughts, your own personality. They can widen your horizon. Above all they can give you a new sense of

the infinite complexity, the beauty, the marvellous potentialities of life. And that is the only real culture. Its essence is toleration, openness of mind, self-discipline, aspiration and desire for growth.

Culture is the art of life. It's acquisition implies the *deliberate shaping* of one's self in order to live the greatest possible number of hours of one's life on the highest, noblest plane of being.

Let us repeat most emphatically: *Mere information does not constitute culture.*

Information is a part of culture but a relatively unimportant part.

There are innumerable well-informed men and women who are not, nor ever will be, cultivated men and women.

The mere reading of endless books cannot, of itself, entitle a man or women to be considered "cultivated."

It is not so simple as that.

Culture is something infinitely more complex than knowledge.

Culture is always keen, alive, alert. Knowledge may often be dead, dull, tedious.

Let us repeat again: Culture is an attitude toward life.

It is the deliberate "cultivation" of the whole personality—*senses, intellect, emotions, sympathies and interests.*

It first begins to germinate when one sincerely seeks growth, development, wider knowledge, richer experience.

It begins to develop when the *disinterested* use of the mind, and contact with nature, with literature, with music, with the fine arts becomes as *vitally* necessary to a man or woman as food or drink. It flowers when the actual *hunger* for knowledge and beauty becomes as great as any other hunger.

Culture exists when one has learned to *delight* in the free use of the mind and of the imagination. Culture exists when one has learned to *delight* in thought, in art, in music, in ever-increasing understanding of all that is beautiful, gracious, well-ordered in the aspirations of man.

Keep always in mind that culture can never be secured by painful effort. Information and knowledge can be secured in that fashion. And information and knowledge are essential preliminaries to culture. But they become culture only when they are acquired with and bring *delight*, when they are not painstakingly sought but ardently, avidly and eagerly absorbed.

Some wise man has said: "Do not pursue culture. You will scare her to death." There is truth in the witticism.

Culture cannot possibly be gained by frenzied pursuit.

It must be gained, rather, as a tree draws sustenance—by putting roots ever deeper into the soil of reality, of sympathy, of aspiration, of life at its keenest and finest.

Culture is sap—the sap of life.

You must reach down roots of sincerity and aspiration for it to be able to flow into your mind and heart.

But keep this axiom clearly in mind: *If you seek culture read no book which bores you or seems dull or stupid to you.* You may acquire valuable *information* in that way. You may acquire practical *knowledge* which will help you to make a living in that way.

But not *culture*. The book which bores you is a book either which has no message for you or a book for which you are not *yet ready*.

If you have a real curiosity and a sincere desire to learn, no book capable of benefiting you can possibly appear *dull* or *stupid* to you. It may appear strange. It may require much *concentration* and *close attention* to understand. But that concentration and close attention will

be pleasurable to you if you feel that you are really learning anything worthwhile. If the book cannot hold your interest something is wrong.

Books, music, pictures, thoughts, people—whenever these bore you they are either not for you or you are not ready for them. Do not force yourself to try to like them. For the chances are that you will never succeed.

There are endless books. There is endless music. There are endless pictures, thoughts, people. Somewhere—no matter who or what you are—there are books, music, pictures, thoughts, people which will *delight you*.

You must seek until you find them. *Seek without ever losing hope*. For you will find them if you seek sufficiently. And inevitably they will lead you to others which you will also like. And, after a space, you may even discover that you can find joy and zest in things which once bored you illimitably.

But remember always: *Nothing which bores you can give you culture. The essential quality of culture is zest and delight*.

Culture is not a soft thing.

It is not a mere decorative thing for tea-parties and dinner-tables. It is not a mere class distinction nor a mere luxury.

There are people without culture in the so-called highest circles of society. There are people with the essentials of rich and true culture in the so-called lowest circles of society.

For culture is the fullest possible growth of the finest human qualities. It is the rounded and harmonious development of the whole nature. True, it requires—at some time in the life—a certain leisure, a certain opportunity for contact with art and the amenities. But do not make the mistake of believing that these opportunities will, of themselves, produce cultured people in any real sense. They will produce a surface culture, a culture which is veneer. But that is all.

A poor man with the attitude of culture is infinitely better equipped to derive enduring satisfaction and happiness from life than a rich man without culture and dependent upon physical activity and physical pleasures for gratification.

On the other hand a wealthy man who is truly cultivated is enabled to derive from his wealth satisfactions and delights little dreamed of by mere plutocrats.

Culture refines. That is inevitable. But it is of value only when there is something worth refining.

To be worthy of the description: "a cultured man or woman" one must, first, be a real man or woman.

The "freaks," the top-lofty "high-brows," the offensive "superior" people who prate so much of "culture,"—do not be fooled or misled or thrown off your course by them. They are the parasites, the froth of culture. They are not men and women of culture.

Never forget this fact: the great thought, the great art of the world has not been produced for the amusement of, or the monopoly by, "the short-haired women and the long-haired men." It has been produced, through an irresistible urge, *by* real men and women *for* real men and women.

It is the common heritage of us all—a heritage of which nobody but ourselves can rob us.

Innumerable great minds and souls, down long thousands of years, have abstracted from their experience — and genius — thoughts, dreams, beauties, aspirations to assist, to inspire, to gladden all their fellows in their passage through life.

All men and women, who will, may have their lives vitalised, broadened and brightened by this great inheritance of the entire race.

There has prevailed altogether too long the sinister and terrible mistake that culture is some mysterious thing which only the rich, the wise, the learned can hope to possess.

All that constitutes culture has been produced and now exists for normal, average, wholesome, sincere men and women.

It can afford joys and delights as vital as business, as exciting as poker, as wholesome as golf or motoring.

It can open a wonderful and inspiring world utterly unknown or little suspected by those who have failed to find the right key.

Too long have misconceptions and faulty methods of education hidden that key, deprived millions of men and women of the new life and vigor, the glorious vision and the rich color which should—and can—suffuse their daily lives.

The life of every man and woman is definitely limited. It is divided into a certain number of years, of months, of weeks, of days, of hours, of minutes, of seconds.

In a certain sense every one of those seconds is the center of eternity.

It is one of the seconds of *our* life. It passes. And it will never return.

It can represent growth. It can represent mere stagnation. It can represent retrogression. We can go forward, we can stand still, we can go backward.

Surely it seems to be the part of wisdom to seek to make most of our seconds represent growth. Surely it seems to be the part of wisdom to seek to live as greatly, as nobly, as splendidly as possible for the largest possible number of the seconds, minutes and days of our life.

Instinct prompts us to seek the greatest possible physical gratifications. Few of us are content with second-rate food, or shelter or clothing if we can secure first-rate food or shelter or clothing.

But instinct—and proper education—do not yet prompt us to seek the greatest mental, emotional and spiritual gratification during our limited lives.

We are too often content to waste our precious hours of leisure on second- or tenth-rate books and music and thoughts when we might just as well have the best books, the best music, the best thoughts.

The analogy is absolute. The mind and heart and soul need food as much as the body. What can be more absurd then to demand—

and to struggle for—the best food for our bodies and to be content with dirty or adulterated or unwholesome food for our higher natures?

The truly cultured man does not waste the precious moments of his life on vulgar trivialities. He does not starve his mind and emotions nor feed them trash and offal.

Do not imagine that culture is of no *practical* value. Culture broadens horizons. It lessens the distress caused by confusing personal maladjustments to life. It accustoms one to think in broad terms. It gives understanding of the broad essentials of life and affairs. All of this is invaluable in the practical details of life. Statistics show that even in a severely practical country like America the *liberally* educated man is usually the employer of the *technically* educated man.

We see that culture is not as simple a thing as we may have believed.

Let us consider one more aspect of culture which is essential to any successful journey through the wilderness of books or to any successful use of the scepter of that "kingdom of the mind" of which a wise poet sang.

There are over 1,700,000,000 human beings now on earth.

Billions of billions of human beings have lived during the past 500,000 years.

Yet can it be denied that most human beings merely duplicate and reduplicate the experiences, the emotions, the thoughts of each other?

Only here and there do you find the highly individualized man or woman who strives to think new thoughts, to experience new emotions; who seeks deliberately to shape and mold his or her life as a sculptor molds plastic clay.

Only here and there—most infrequently—do you find a man or woman who appears at all aware of the infinite possibilities for growth that life affords us all, if we will but seize them.

Yet that man or woman is, really, the only truly cultivated man or woman.

All civilization, all progress, all knowledge, all beauty have been produced by the disciplined aspiration of such men down the ages.

Their *imagination* has rendered possible the dream of finer ways of life.

Their *intelligence* has rendered possible the formulation of a method of realizing that dream.

Their *will* has caused them to forge ahead despite all obstacles.

Their *courage* has kept the will from faltering.

Imagination. Intelligence. Will. Courage.

Those are the four supreme human qualities which have brought man out of barbarism.

Those are the four supreme qualities which must be nurtured and developed and exercised by all who would acquire or add to that great store of knowledge and beauty which constitutes culture.

Again:

Every man and woman of the more highly developed races—certainly every man and woman ever likely to read this far in this book—has millions of brain cells which are never used. Yet, with proper stimulation and training, all these cells may be made to function. And the passing years will bring—not the usual boredom, complacency and inertia—but an infinite capacity for growth and enjoyment, an insatiable appetite for all the inexhaustible stores of recorded experience and of created beauty which constitute literature and the arts.

So we come to these inevitable conclusions:

Each of us is an adventurer in the great mystery of life.

Each of us has infinite possibilities for growth.

When we begin to gain some conception of our real place in the scheme of things we grow eager to know all that there is to be known about this mysterious universe in which we live; about those who have inhabited our planet before us; about all the life that is lived on the planet with us. We grow eager to enjoy all the treasures that the wisest and finest and best of our predecessors and our contemporaries have produced. We grow eager to develop to the limit of our capacities.

We are ready for self-cultivation.

It will not be an abrupt, sudden and immediate process. We will not have a sudden transition from one condition to another.

There is nothing sudden in these matters.

Rather they represent a slow and gradual unfolding, development and growth.

Like seeds.

We plow certain parts of our mind which are like rich fields that have long lain fallow. We plant certain seeds of new understanding, new aspiration. Slowly but surely the seeds germinate and send out little roots and ten-

drils. These we must nurture carefully. We must cultivate the fields; relentlessly root up the weeds of cynicism, apathy, vulgarity, pettiness, crude animal instincts.

The plants will grow. They will become strong. Our minds and souls will become rich gardens bearing splendid blossoms and fruits.

The degree of our ardent sense of the mystery and wonder and purpose of life will regulate the strength and vigor of these plants as the sun regulates the strength and vigor of flowers and trees.



SECTION II

SOME LISTS OF BOOKS WITH COMMENT

And so we come from these abstract considerations of the nature of culture to the practical problem of how we can hope to find our way through the millions of books to the books which are worth while; how we can find the key which will open the magic door to the treasury of the world's real knowledge and beauty.

In the accustomed sense of the word, "culture" implies, of course, the possession of that knowledge and appreciation of the outstanding figures and achievements in history, science, literature, drama, music, painting and sculpture which is possessed in common by all "cultivated" men of all races.

Why are these figures "outstanding"?

Because they have vitally altered, shaped or influenced the history of the world. Or because they have produced works of such excellence that men of all ages and races are delighted or influenced by them.

We must certainly gain knowledge of these figures. But it must be real and understanding knowledge. Merely to learn the names of great writers, poets, dramatists, painters, musicians, sculptors can add little to our enjoyment of life.

Merely to read great books, to look at great pictures and statues or to listen to great music can add little to our development unless we *truly* and *sincerely enjoy* and *delight* in such things and have some understanding why they are entitled to be considered great.

Mere knowledge about them constitutes information.

It is delight in them and true appreciation of them which constitutes *culture*.

So it appears that we should have some broad and general comprehension of what is known about the life of all men everywhere in order to understand why certain men or their works are to be considered great. For, inevitably, their "greatness" will consist in the wideness of their range, the universality of their appeal, the new dignity or poignancy or comprehension which their work has added to the common life of the world.

As a preliminary to culture we must gain some clear comprehension of just what we

are in relation to the world in which we live, to the past which has produced us, to our fellows who surround us, to the interplay of ideas, ideals, greeds and passions which have always been reflected in human society.

Then we can move on to knowledge of the decoration of the structure of society—to knowledge of all the lovely, serene, gracious things which exist naturally in the world or have been produced by art, music, literature or science as man's expression of his own deepest and keenest emotional and spiritual reactions to life.

HISTORY

Two fine books of the past few years which can give this preliminary knowledge are the much-discussed "Outline of History" by H. G. Wells and "The Story of Mankind" by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. The first of these is recommended for adult readers. The second for young readers.

Both of these books are excellent and stimulating syntheses of the most important basic facts and ideas underlying history.

It has only recently become possible to write such books — books which give the reader a comprehensible idea of the origin of

the planet and of the life upon the planet; which give broad and sweeping pictures of the early development of civilization, of the spread of man over the earth, of the rise and fall of empires and of the forces and events of the past which have produced the present in which we now live.

These books can afford the average reader what many years of college and university instruction have all too often failed to give students up to this time—a consistent and really informative, broad understanding of the essential facts and ideas of history and of the origin and development of life and civilization.

As an introduction to that lively interest in life which is essential to culture these syntheses of essential facts—if ably and competently made as in the case of the Wells and Van Loon histories—are vastly superior to the huge sets of "classics" and "masterpieces." They are, indeed, superior to years of study at the typical American college.

For the syntheses give a stimulating new sense of the unity of life and history; they place things in perspective and give understanding of life and of the past as a whole. They permit the reader to understand his place in the general scheme of things.

Too often the sets of "classics" and "masterpieces" give only a sense of confusion and loss. There is no essential unity to them. There is no coordination of them.

The "Outline of History" gives that comprehension of the past which is analagous to the view of a landscape secured from an airplane. The sets of "classics" afford—at best—the comprehension of some period, or phase or personality which is analagous to the careful study—on foot and close at hand—of some of the largest trees or the most beautiful valleys or largest streams in the landscape. One may well know some of the trees and valleys and streams most intimately without having any clear vision or understanding of the country as a whole. In man's past, moreover, there are so many millions of trees, so many wonderful and intricate valleys and streams that it is not possible to have detailed knowledge of all of them.

There is another grave objection to the use of sets of "classics" and "masterpieces" as a means of education or culture. However alive and interesting they may be to a mind which has broad comprehension of history and literature as a whole, they cannot but seem remote and far removed from actuality

to a mind which has no such comprehension.

Between the real and vital life of everyday—the life of interest and excitement—and the life sensed in these old books dealing with remote times and faraway events there appears a tremendous and unbridgable gulf.

Once a keen and ardent interest in all life and thought has been awakened, once the unity of life everywhere and at all times has been understood, once the growth of knowledge and civilization has been seen as touching our own lives closely these classics and masterpieces are, of course, beheld in a different light. We begin to understand why they have survived the ages; why millions of men down the centuries have greatly esteemed and valued them. But we cannot understand this until we have some such preliminary broad comprehension as Wells and Van Loon can give us.

Education—up to this time—has, at best, attempted to start with the past and come—very slowly—down to the present.

Too many millions of students have fallen by the wayside in this terrible progress.

Today adult education is, increasingly, seeking to give an initial broad, synthetic, coordinated outline of all the past. And

then to start with the vivid problems, the outstanding personalities, the main currents of modern life and thought and to work back to the past when the past can no longer appear remote and detached from today, but a fascinating and illuminating record of other men's experiences with the same world, the same problems, the same ideas, ideals and aspirations; the same mysteries, passions and terrors which confront us.

SCIENCE

"The Outline of History" should give new understanding of the origin and development of life, the development of civilization, the broad outlines of the division of races, the location of the chief branches of the human family, the rise of the great empires and powers which largely control the world, and the interplay of those forces which constitute the more important aspects of past history and of world affairs today.

Similar broad understanding is necessary of the development of knowledge, and particularly of that exact, verifiable and communicable knowledge which forms the science which permits human intelligence to deal with the conditions which surround mankind.

A voluminous work entitled "The Outline of Science" by J. Arthur Thomson has recently been published. It is a comprehensive work but requires much time to read.

A most admirable shorter work is:

SEDGWICK AND TYLER:

A Short History of Science

This is a splendid book which is remarkably informative.

The field of science is so very great that no man can hope to be well informed concerning all its branches. Culture does not require such knowledge. It requires, only, a broad comprehension of the nature and aims of science and some knowledge concerning the various divisions and new developments of science.

Most of the books to be recommended in this essay have been selected because they give new sense of the pleasure to be derived from the disinterested use of the mind. They are books calculated to whet intellectual appetite. It is assumed throughout that, once appetite is awakened, contact will be sought with books more important and authoritative but not so immediately interesting.

Some unusually stimulating books in various broad fields of science follow:

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| H. F. OSBORN: | The Origin and Evolution of Life
Men of the Old Stone Age |
| ROBERT H. LOWIE: | Primitive Culture |
| C. W. SALEEBY: | Evolution—The Master Key
The Cycle of Life According to Modern Science |
| CARL KELSEY: | The Physical Basis of Society |
| GEORGE W. CRILE: | Man—An Adaptive Mechanism |
| WILLIAM A. LOCY: | Biology And Its Makers |
| W. C. CURTIS: | Science and Human Affairs |
| JACQUES LOEB: | The Mechanistic Conception of Life |
| SIGISMUND FREUD: | General Introduction to Psychoanalysis |
| RENÉ VALLERÉY-RADOT: | The Life of Pasteur |
| E. RAY LANKESTER: | Extinct Animals |
| CARL SNYDER: | New Conceptions in Science
The World Machine |
| WILLIAM McDUGALL: | Psychology |
| THOMAS HUXLEY: | Man's Place in Nature |
| PERCIVAL LOWELL: | The Solar System
Mars and Its Canals |

SVEN TE ARRHENIUS:	Worlds in the Making
WILLIAM OSLER:	The Evolution of Modern Medicine
E. G. CONKLIN:	Heredity and Environment
R. C. PUNNETT:	Mendelism
EDWIN SLOSSEN:	Creative Chemistry
H. H. NEWMAN:	Readings in Evolution

PHILOSOPHY

After knowing the main facts about the past, about the world and about life one needs to know the chief ways in which various men of various kinds have looked at these facts, what explanation they have given of them.

It is possible to approach this great field of philosophy by way of the remote past and through famous—but often tedious—books which are somewhat analagous to dark, moss-grown and forbidding gates.

It is, also, fortunately, possible to approach this field by way of the immediate present and its vital concerns through books which are analagous to the garden gates of a friend to whom we go for discussion of personal concerns and questions.

It is doubtful if any book can afford a better introduction to the broad field of philoso-

phy that the remarkable little volume by G. Lowes Dickinson entitled: "A Modern Symposium." It is difficult to believe that any man or woman can read this inspired book without gaining a wider conception of life from its pages.

The plan of the book is this:

At a great English country house one night a group of men of contrasting types sit up until dawn and talk about their individual reactions to life. The whole gamut of modern reactions to life is voiced in the talk of these men. We go from the direst, forlornest pessimism to the most indiscriminating praise of life; we pass from the most reactionary doctrines to the most radical doctrines; we see life through the eyes of multitudinous clear-eyed thinkers. And in thus seeing it, our own opinions are clarified, our own mental horizons widened.

Here are given the thoughts of the world which fight today for ascendancy as they have fought down all the centuries.

It is as essential to understand these thoughts as it is to understand past history if there are to be deep roots to our culture.

The great merit of "A Modern Symposium," however, is its interest. It is a little

book tingling with life. It radiates ideas as an electric bulb radiates light. It can give to many people a totally new conception of what *pleasure* and *delight* are to be found in thought and discussion.

The man or woman who has read and enjoyed Wells' "Outline of History", Sedgwick and Tyler's "History of Science" and Lowes Dickinson's "A Modern Symposium" will not only have a better fundamental knowledge than is possessed by nine out of every ten graduates of American colleges; but will also have those primary requisites of culture—a new sense of the immensity and complexity of life, a new sense of the pleasure to be derived from the intense, *disinterested* use of the mind.

As an introduction to philosophy "A Modern Symposium" has been suggested because it is a book of rare charm and because experience has shown that it brings remarkable stimulation and interest to many types of mind. There are numerous other books which deal interestingly with the general relation of the individual to the past and the world about him and may *awaken that interest* in philosophy which will send the reader to the world-famous philosophers whose thoughts have greatly influenced the world.

The following books are suggested because they have charm and hold the attention:

WILL DURANT:	Philosophy and the Social Problem
GEORGE SANTAYANA:	Winds of Doctrine
SIGURD IBSEN:	Human Quintessence
F. S. MARVIN:	The Living Past
	The Century of Hope
BERTRAND RUSSELL:	Problems of Philosophy
	The Faith of a Free Man
HENRI BERGSON:	Creative Evolution
JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON:	The Mind in The Making
PLATO:	Symposium
JOHN DEWEY:	Reconstruction in Philosophy

THE GATES GROW NUMEROUS

These books give breadth of view.

They will very fully indicate how tremendously wide is the range of human interests.

After emerging from their pages there are infinite directions in which, according to temperament, one may proceed.

In many instances these books will have stimulated curiosity or interest concerning matters discussed in their pages. It is always wise to follow where real interest leads.

If one has already a love of reading, has felt no sense of strain in reading the Wells and Dickinson volumes and seeks to build even broader backgrounds before dealing with purely cultural subjects, it may be advisable to gain the kind of understanding of human relations that is given in such books as are listed in the following pages under the heading "Political Speculation." Logically these should probably follow. But culture is far from being a logical thing. And the greatest purpose of this book is to introduce its readers to volumes which stir and stimulate and awaken rather than merely instruct.

If one has not a real love of reading (*see footnote*) one should certainly seek to develop it. It is entirely a matter of temperament.

A real love of reading is essential to any continuous intellectual development. Yet there are many people, greatly desirous of self-improvement, who find reading a task and a duty rather than a pleasure.

The love of reading can be acquired by almost anyone. It is essential only that the proper book at the proper time develop it. It is advisable that one seek at any cost to gain a love of books and reading before starting on any course of reading for any purpose.

Below is given a list of books which have delighted many readers of many kinds. They do not belong in the category of great literature, perhaps, and they have little relation to any high type of "culture" but they have that quality of charm which catches and holds attention and interest. They are books for amusement and relaxation. They are suggested here simply because they may create a love of reading in some who lack it. They are particularly advised

The books which are suggested in the footnote or those which appear most appealing in the sections entitled "Science," "Imaginative Literature" and "Travel" might be examined and tried with such a purpose in mind.

If one is tremendously interested in one's personal problems and one's personal relations to the general scheme of life it might

for young people. Books marked with * are especially recommended for boys:

MARK TWAIN:	*Huckleberry Finn
WALTER SCOTT:	Ivanhoe
R. D. BLACKMORE:	*Lorna Doone
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS:	*Soldiers of Fortune
	*Captain Macklin
W. J. LOCKE:	Derelects
	The Beloved Vagabond
	Septimus
	The Morals of Marcus
CHARLES KINGSLEY:	Hypatia
JULES VERNE:	*Around the World In Eighty Days
	*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
C. HANFORD HENDERSON:	John Percyfield
HENRY C. ROWLAND:	Germaine
JEFFREY FARNOL:	The Broad Highway
EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD:	*Phra The Phoenician
EDWARD LUCAS WHITE:	*El Supremo
R. L. STEVENSON:	The Wrong Box
	*The Black Arrow
	*Treasure Island
	*The White Company
A. CONAN DOYLE:	*Sherlock Holmes
	*The Sign of the Four
	*King Solomon's Mines
RIDER HAGGARD:	She
	Fortitude
HUGH WALPOLE:	Dracula
BRAM STOKER:	Peter Ibbetson
GEORGE DU MAURIER:	*Ben Hur
LEW WALLACE:	Arthurs
A. NEIL LYONS:	Sixpenny Pieces
J. FENIMORE COOPER:	*The Last of the Mohicans
CHARLES READE:	The Cloister and the Hearth

bring unexpected interest or satisfaction to read such books as:

HENRY DAVID THOREAU:	Walden
RICHARD JEFFERIES:	The Story of My Heart
GEORGE GISSING:	The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft
H. G. WELLS:	First and Last Things
EDWARD CARPENTER:	The Drama of Love and Death
HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL:	Journal

Perusal of the sections dealing with various kinds of books may suggest some books which seem peculiarly appealing to one's particular type and temperament.

BELLES-LETTRES

Perhaps a wise way for the average person—fond of reading, not excessively serious-minded and really eager for contact with some of the outstanding brilliant aspects and personalities of today—would be to plunge into certain stimulating volumes dealing not with broad conceptions of life and history, but with ideas and theories vigorously advanced or attacked by brilliant men delighting in the free use of the mind and imagination as men delight in the free use of the muscles and the senses.

To read such a book as G. K. Chesterton's "Heretics," for example, will be to gain new understanding of the pleasures and excitements to be found in the realm of the mind.

In this book Mr. Chesterton appraises a number of his contemporaries—some of the foremost literary men of the period. But the merit of the book to those who have not always been booklovers lies in its keenness, its spirit, its cleverness—the new knowledge it gives that absolutely impersonal and disinterested concern with literature and thought can awaken as much—and intense—excitement as a poker game or a golf match.

Similar pleasure is to be derived from the stimulating book compiled by Ludwig Lewisoohn entitled "A Modern Book of Criticisms." Here have been gathered together excerpts from the writings of some of the shrewdest and keenest critics of life and letters of France, Germany, England and America. They form part of a little book brimming over with vivid and stimulating ideas which awaken and invigorate the mind like a powerful tonic.

Such books as "Heretics" and "A Modern Book of Criticisms" form part of that division of literature called "*belles-lettres*." And here,

of course, the attitude towards life called culture is to be found at its keenest. For the worth-while books of *belles-lettres* deal with literature, with art, with music,—with all that is most gracious and harmonious—in the spirit of those to whom these things are the most important things in life. Such a division of literature necessarily implies that the problems, the disharmonies, the crudities, the confusions and vulgarities of everyday life have been left behind, or seen in new perspective, and that the writers of such books have dealt with those phases and aspects of life which are either serene, gracious and well-rounded or else vividly keen or intensely vital.

It is for this reason that the broad field of *belles-lettres* affords, possibly, the best introduction to the world's culture since the world's culture is the material with which it deals.

Some excellent modern books of *belles-lettres* which will open endless doors into spacious new worlds are these:

ARTHUR SYMONS:

Studies in Seven Arts
Studies in Prose and
Verse
Figures of Several Cen-
turies

HOLBROOK JACKSON:

The Eighteen Nineties

G. K. CHESTERTON:	The Victorian Age in Literature
HAVELOCK ELLIS:	The New Spirit Affirmations
REMY DEGOURMONT:	The Book of Masks
DIXON SCOTT:	Men of Letters
JAMES HUNEKER:	Egoists Iconoclasts Overtones
H. L. MENCKEN:	A Book of Prefaces
STUART P. SHERMAN:	On Contemporary Literature
VAN WYCK BROOKS:	Letters and Leadership

All of these deal with brilliant personalities of recent times who have done much to affect the life, the thought, the literature, art and music of the past two generations.

Each of them will doubtless send the average man who reads them seeking for other books by the same writers or by the writers with whom the books deal or to whom they refer.

And so the "guidance through the first confusing wilderness of books, the pointing out of some paths and directions to the treasure house of culture" will have been accomplished. For every really worth-while book is certain to be inextricably bound up with other worth-while books. And, once vital interest is awakened, one finds lines of thought

or study to pursue with little or no need of further guidance. Any one personality, or line of thought, or branch of knowledge which stirs something deep in oneself will lead one inevitably to other similar personalities, lines of thought or branches of knowledge.

While the world's culture is endlessly intricate, it is also entirely unified. It is like a garden with myriad gates and thousands of winding, criss-crossing paths and roads. It can be entered from almost any point to which real curiosity, real enthusiasm, real interest leads one. And, once entered, the paths circle and intertwine so that one has but to follow them to see as much of that great garden as is possible to one person in one lifetime.

It is necessary to say in reference to these books which are recommended that they open up only certain very brilliant corners of the modern world. They introduce one to many vivid and outstanding personalities but these personalities, of course, constitute only a small part of contemporary culture and a tiny part, indeed, of all culture.

The great service these books perform is in giving the right atmosphere, the right atti-

tude. They are not solemn, dull, dry as dust. On the contrary they are keen, clever, intensely alive.

The man who gains from them the best that they have to give will be inexorably impelled to trace back the main currents of the ideas with which they deal; will be inexorably impelled to appraise these modern prophets and semi-prophets in the light of the classic figures which all the world holds to be great. But he will go to these figures with new appreciation, new understanding, new point of view.

In other words, the classic system of education has been to take men from the colorful life of everyday and to force them to become acquainted with the great and austere figures of the past. These figures seemed impossibly remote from life and reality. One learned about them by rote and usually failed to associate them with the vivid concerns of one's own life. One acquired mere information.

The books suggested here furnish a new method of approach. They give contact with contemporary thought at its keenest. Any man or woman capable of acquiring culture will not only recognise the *relative* value and importance of these men of yesterday and

today but will be drawn back to the fountain head of thought by a curiosity welling up from a new sense of the unity and continuity and slow development of all thought and art.

THE MIDDLE GROUND OF CULTURE

It is essential that one have not only the broad background of fact given by Wells and the scientists, the broad understanding of philosophies touched on by Dickinson, and the immediate foreground of culture constituted by knowledge of the glowing, exciting, stimulating and delightful writers, artists and musicians of today.

There must also be a middle-ground composed of well-rounded and well-understood knowledge of the countries of the world (with their past and contemporary culture and outstanding celebrities), of imaginative literature, world-politics, music and art if one is not to have unpleasant blank spots in one's mind in general association with truly educated and cultivated people.

OUR WORLD

A knowledge of geography is absolutely necessary. One need not study geography as children study it in school but there must be

some consistent and continuous effort to fix the general map of the world in one's memory.

For it is on this world that we live. It is with the past of this world and with the people of this world that we are all concerned. Its general form and outline must be clear in our minds if we are to understand what we read about it.

A most entertaining and enlightening book which can give us a new conception and understanding of geography is:

HUNTINGTON AND CUSHING: Principles of Human Geography

It will explain many mysteries to us.

Monthly perusal of *The National Geographic Magazine* and of the magazine entitled "*Asia*" will afford very great pleasure to every family. If a small desk globe and an atlas are used to locate the situation of all the interesting lands pictured and described, a very excellent knowledge of geography should be gained almost without effort.

TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, ADVENTURE

There is, moreover, tremendous pleasure and information to be derived from books of travel and adventure, or books showing the

life and manner of living of men of other races, lands and times. A brief list of such books, which have been picked because of their strong general appeal, follows:

HERMAN MELVILLE:	Typee Omoo
ROBERT M. PEARY:	The North Pole
ROALD AMUNDSON:	The South Pole
GEORGE CATLIN:	The North American Indians
CAPTAIN COOK:	Voyages
RICHARD BURTON:	Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca
L'ABBE HUC:	Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China
HARRY FRANCK:	A Vagabond Journey Around the World
JOSHUA SLOCUM:	Sailing Alone Around the World
HENRY M. STANLEY:	In Darkest Africa
LEWIS AND CLARKE:	Journal
HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES	(May be obtained in eight volumes in the "Everyman's Library")
FRIDTJOF NANSEN:	Across Greenland

These books will bring delight and enjoyment to almost anyone of any age. They will give a sense of the wonder of the world which will make the thought of geography take on a new form in the mind.

ARCHAEOLOGY

There are other temperaments which may find stimulation, rather, in books which awaken a vivid new interest in the past by giving accounts of archaeological excavations. Some admirable books of this sort which can open wide vistas are:

HENRY SCHLIEMANN:	Ilios
JAMES BAIKIE:	Sea Kings of Crete
JOHN L. STEPHENS:	Incidents of Travel in Yucatan, etc.
W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE:	Ten Years' Digging
AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD:	Nineveh and Its Re- mains
JOYCE T. ATHOL:	South American Archae- ology Central American Arch- aeology
HIRAM BINGHAM:	Inca Land

However gained, one must possess, sooner or later a sense of the unity of the world and of the world's peoples with a corresponding understanding of the artificiality and real significance of national boundaries if one is to have a satisfactory middleground to knowledge. A great Roman once declared in a sentiment which has come down the ages:

I am a man. I believe that nothing which is human is alien to me.

Such an attitude toward all our fellowmen is necessary if we are to gain the best that our fellowmen are able to give us.

IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE

The imaginative literature—poetry, drama and fiction—of the past and present constitutes one of the most important and preponderant aspects of world culture.

For the writers of such literature have best depicted and explained life and humanity, given new meaning and color to existence. The great imaginative authors are the glory of the countries and ages which have produced them. The field of the world's imaginative literature is one of the world's supreme possessions. Few things have given more happiness and pleasure to mankind.

A lifetime of reading is, of course, necessary to acquire any full knowledge of the great imaginative literature of all the countries of the world. But most Americans read prodigiously in any case and the time generally spent upon the trashy fiction so prevalent today can be so much more profitably expended upon the novels and plays which have lasting merit.

One *loses nothing* in deciding to read famous books which have gained world-wide appreciation or stood the test of generations, or centuries, rather than the latest magazine stories of "best-sellers" which will be forgot in a week or a month or a year. The books of real merit are indubitably more *enjoyable*, more *delightful*, more *exciting*. For no other reasons are they esteemed by critics and people of culture.

A list of novels and plays which have brought great pleasure to many people of many kinds is appended. It makes no pretense at being anything save a list of excellent books from many lands which will give pleasure, and serve as an introduction to the literature of other peoples and times. It is not a learned list to give information but a list to give enjoyment. It does not deal with the most famous American and English writers of recent generations nor with the most widely discussed writers of the present moment. Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, Thackeray and similar writers are too well known to need mention here. The younger writers of today are well advertised and few of them are yet definitely placed.

COMPARATIVELY RECENT BOOKS

(Books marked * are plays)

AMERICA:

HENRY JAMES:	Daisy Miller
W. DEAN HOWELLS:	The Rise of Silas Lapham
MARK TWAIN:	The Mysterious Stranger
FRANK NORRIS:	The Pit
STEPHEN CRANE:	The Red Badge of Cour- age
O. HENRY:	Cabbages and Kings
OWEN WISTER:	The Virginian
MARY WILKENS FREEMAN:	A New England Nun
JACK LONDON:	The Sea Wolf
BOOTH TARKINGTON:	The Magnificent Amber- sons
DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS:	The Plum Tree
GERTRUDE ATHERTON:	The Conqueror
EDITH WHARTON:	The House of Mirth
ROBERT HERRICK:	Together
MARGARET DELAND:	The Awakening of He- lena Ritchie
MARY AUSTIN:	A Woman of Genius)
UPTON SINCLAIR:	The Journal of Arthur Stirling
GEORGE ADE:	In Babel
WM. VAUGHAN MOODY:	The Great Divide*
THEODORE DREISER:	Sister Carrie
ERNEST POOLE:	The Harbor
EUGENE WALTER:	The Easiest Way*
JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER:	Java Head
EUGENE O'NEILL:	Beyond the Horizon*
SHERWOOD ANDERSON:	Winesberg, Ohio

SINCLAIR LEWIS: Babbitt
WILLA CATHER: My Antonio

ENGLAND:

SAMUEL BUTLER: The Way of All Flesh
GEORGE MEREDITH: The Ordeal of Richard
 Feverel
THOMAS HARDY: Tess of the D'Urbervilles
GEORGE GISSING: The New Grub Street
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: The Wreckers
GEORGE MOORE: Confessions of a Young
 Man
OSCAR WILDE: The Picture of Dorian
 Grey
RUDYARD KIPLING: Kim
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Man and Superman*
H. G. WELLS: Tono-Bungay
W. H. HUDSON: Green Mansions
ARTHUR WING PINERO: The Second Mrs. Tan-
 queray*
JAMES BARRIE: Sentimental Tommy
JOSEPH CONRAD: Lord Jim
JOHN GALSWORTHY: The Country House
JOHN MASEFIELD: The Tragedy of Nan*
G. K. CHESTERTON: The Napoleon of Not-
 ting Hill
HILAIRE BELLOC: Emmanuel Burden
ARNOLD BENNETT: Buried Alive
HENRY ARTHUR JONES: Michael and His Lost
 Angel*

FRANCE:

GEORGE SAND: The Devil's Pool
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT: Madame Bovary

HONORE DE BALZAC:	Old Goriot
VICTOR HUGO:	Les Misérables
ALPHONSE DAUDET:	Sapho
EMILE ZOLA:	The Crime of Abbe Mouret
GUY DE MAUPASSANT:	One Life
PIERRE LOTI:	An Iceland Fisherman
ANATOLE FRANCE:	The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard
EDMOND ROSTAND:	Cyrano de Bergerac*
EUGENE BRIEUX:	Damaged Goods*
ROMAIN ROLLAND:	Jean-Christophe
HENRI BARBUSSE:	Under Fire
HENRI BORDEAUX:	The Fear of Life
OCTAVE MIRBEAU:	Business Is Business*
REMY DE GOURMONT:	A Night in The Luxembourg

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:

THEODOR STORM:	Immensee
HERMAN SUDERMANN:	Dame Care
GERHART HAUPTMANN:	The Weavers
FRIEDRICH HEBBEL:	Gyges and His Ring
HERMAN BAHR:	The Concert
LUDWIG FULDA:	The Talisman
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER:	The Lonely Way
FRANZ WEDEKIND:	Spring's Awakening*
GUSTAVE FRENSSEN:	Jörn Uhl
J. WASSERMANN:	The Great Illusion
HUGO VON HOFFMANNSTHAL:	Elektra

RUSSIA:

IVAN TURQUENIEV:	A Sportsman's Sketches
FEDOR DOSTOIEVSKY:	Crime and Punishment

NIKOLAI GOGOL:	Dead Souls
LEO TOLSTOY:	Anna Karenina
MAXIM GORKI:	Foma Gordeyev
ANTON TCHEKOFF:	Uncle Vanya
LEONID ANDREYEV:	The Seven Who Were Hanged

ITALY:

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO:	The Flame of Life
ANTONIO FOGAZARRO:	The Saint
ROBERTO BRACCO:	The Hidden Spring*
MATHILDE SERAO:	The Land of Cockayne

SPAIN:

A. PALACCIO VALDES:	The Joy of Captain Ribot
B. PEREZ GALDOS:	Dona Perfecta
JOSE ECHEGARY:	Mariana
JACINTO BENAVENTE:	The Evil Doers of Good*

HOLLAND:

LOUIS COUPERUS:	Small Souls
I. QUERIDO:	Toil of Men
FREDERIK VAN EEDEN:	The Quest

BELGIUM:

MAURICE MAETERLINCK:	The Blue Bird
GEORGES ECKHOUD:	The New Carthage
EMILE VERHAEREN:	The Dawn
GEORGES RODENBACH:	Bruges The Dead
PIERRE HAMP:	People

THE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES:

HENRIK IBSEN:	The Doll's House*
AUGUST STRINDBERG:	Swanwhite

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON:	The Fisher Maiden
SELMA LAGERLÖF:	The Emperor of Portugal- gallia
MARTIN ANDERSSON NYSTRÖM:	Pelle The Conqueror
CARL EWALD:	The Old Room
KNUT HAMMAR:	Growth of the Soil
JOHAN BOJER:	The Face of the World

These books are typical of the countries from which they come. They cast new light upon the real life of these countries. They are among the books of recent years which most cultured people throughout the world have read or about which, at least, they know.

There are many books of the past which can give very great pleasure. The list which follows has been carefully selected in order to present merely books which are very human and interesting and can give a new and favorable idea of some of the literature of the past.

It does not deal with such great world classics as Homer, Aeschylus, Horace and Virgil nor with such national classics as Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Spenser; Dante, Petrarch; Corneille, Racine, Moliere; Goethe, Schiller and similar figures. An ultimate knowledge of and acquaintance with the works of these masters is, of course, essential

to any well-rounded culture. But, in order to gain true appreciation of such writers, it is necessary that one approach them with intense curiosity and some comprehension. Many passably well educated men and women throughout the world have a high degree of culture and yet possess but the haziest acquaintanceship with the true classics. The following list will serve to show how much superior some of the great literature of the past is to the current popular fiction. Delight in these books—and they can give delight—should, at least, introduce the reader into the ante-room of the world's greatest literature. If he desires to enter further he will know how to proceed for himself and will be able to proceed with less trepidation.

A FEW ANCIENT BOOKS WHICH ARE DELIGHTFUL TO READ:

LONGUS:	Daphnis and Chloe	} Published in the Bohn Library as "Ancient Greek Romances"
TATIUS:	Clitophe and Leu- cippe	
HELIODORUS:	The Ethiopics	
APULEIUS:	The Golden Ass	
PETRONIUS:	Trimalchio's Dinner	
LUCIAN:	Dialogues of the Dead.	

A FEW FAMOUS BOOKS WHICH ARE
EXCITING AND INTERESTING:

ENGLAND:

FIELDING:	Tom Jones
SMOLLETT:	Roderick Random
DEFOE:	Moll Flanders
BORROW:	Lavengro

FRANCE:

LESAGE:	Gil Blas
VOLTAIRE:	Candide
DUMAS:	The Three Musketeers
L'ABBE PREVOST:	Manon Lescaut

SPAIN:

CERVANTES:	Don Quixote
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Any one of these books can be read with more complete assurance of finding real pleasure than any of the much-advertised recent books of fiction. They are books known to practically all cultivated men of all races. Characters or phrases from many of these books have entered into general conversation all over the world. Not to know these books is to deprive yourself of pleasure. They do not constitute the world's greatest literature but they afford a most agreeable introduction to it.

The modern literature of the Oriental peoples and of the South American Countries is not yet a part of general culture and many of the most highly cultivated people have little knowledge concerning it. One must not forget these parts of the world, however. To gain a general outline of some of these lands one may use the books which are generally known and do form part of the mental equipment of the average well-read person:

SOUTH AMERICA:

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| GEORGE ISAACS: | Maria |
| HARRY FRANCK: | Vagabonding Down The
Andes
Working North From
Patagonia |
| W. H. PRESCOTT: | The Conquest of Mexico
The Conquest of Peru |
| JAMES BRYCE: | South America |

JAPAN:

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| LAFCADIO HEARN: | Japan—An Interpretation |
|-----------------|-------------------------|

CHINA:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| HERBERT GILES: | The Civilization of China |
|----------------|---------------------------|

INDIA:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| THE OXFORD HISTORY OF INDIA | |
| RABINDRANATH TAGORE: | Chitra |

ARABIA:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|
| EDWARD WILLIAM LANE: | Arabian Night's Enter-
tainment |
|----------------------|------------------------------------|

POETRY

The poetry which must be known and loved by a truly cultivated person covers a very wide field. The one essential preconception to blast away before approaching the subject of poetry is that true poetry need be either obscure, difficult or must deal with impossibly remote subject matter. On the contrary, the poetry which survives is the poetry which gives pleasure to the greatest number of men—poetry which is easily comprehensible and deals with subject matter of interest to all truly alive men and women.

In the case both of music and poetry one must develop finer appreciation by contact and experience. One finds an introduction to the worlds of poetry and music through some minor work. As one progresses the appreciation becomes keener and the work first greatly liked may be seen in a new and less favorable light. Nevertheless it will have served a great purpose.

The poetry in the following books should certainly give pleasure to almost any type of person capable of that deep feeling which is essential to the love of poetry. If these books give the pleasure they are capable of

giving they will create such a love for poetry as will send you to other poets.

F. T. PALGRAVE:	The Golden Treasury
ERNEST DOWSON:	Poems
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY:	Poems
ARTHUR SYMONS:	Poems
EDWARD FITZGERALD:	The Rubàiyât of Omar Khayyâm
ALGERNON SWINBURNE:	Songs Before Sunrise
JOHN MASEFIELD:	The Widow in the Bye Street
THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE	
SIEGFRIED SASSOON:	The Old Huntsman
EDGAR LEE MASTERS:	The Spoon River An- thology
EUGENE LEE HAMILTON:	Sonnets of the Wingless Hours
RUDYARD KIPLING:	Collected Verse
ARTHUR WALEY (translator)	A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems
OSCAR WILDE:	The Ballad of Reading Gaol

This list covers a very great range. Some of these books contain poems which must perforce appeal to any man of any temperament. They are suggested in order to create a love for poetry.

Once created, the names of the great poets of the world will become familiar to anyone

who reads widely. It is always to be remembered that their work exists primarily to inspire or to give pleasure.

Printed in grim looking volumes, however, the work of the finest poets often appears formidable, and remote both from beauty and life. If it has endured it has beauty or interest of some kind. As our sensibilities and understanding develop we grow better equipped to appreciate this beauty or interest. Do not make painful efforts to appreciate the work of men who wrote merely to delight you. Learn to love poetry from such books as are recommended above. Then go to Shelley and Keats, to Gray and Wordsworth, to Browning—even to Milton and Spenser—determined to discover whether similar—or greater—pleasure cannot be found from their pages.

Possibly you will end by studying Latin in order to appreciate and enjoy the beauties of Horace!

But remember always that poetry exists to please you. It does not exist as something to be reverently and fearfully admired and respected.

WORLD POLITICS, "RECONSTRUCTION" AND POLITICAL SPECULATION

Certain types of mind may be prompted to go immediately from the pages of "The Outline of History" to books which deal succinctly and informatively with the current problems which are so much discussed in newspapers and magazines.

Basically, all these problems are bound up with all the important phases of man's life. It is essential that one have information about them and opinions concerning them.

Little guidance is needed here but certain books may be found illuminating and stimulating:

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS: World Politics

This book will show the broad outlines of the recent and present relations of the great powers.

G. T. W. PATRICK: The Psychology of Reconstruction

BERTRAND RUSSELL: Principles of Social Reconstruction

These are two very wide-visioned books which must almost inevitably stimulate and broaden the mind of any reader.

The matter of the reconstruction of the world according to some great plan touches all thoughtful people of today so closely that books like these, which deal with it in a manner to indicate the responsibility of every individual, are especially fitted to stir and quicken imagination and thought.

The political and economic organization of nations—and of the world—is a matter with which all modern peoples are greatly concerned since the Great War and the Russian Revolution. The books in this field are, indeed, a wilderness. The following are recommended either because of their fame or because of their detached viewpoint:


R. H. TAWNEY:	The Acquisitive Society
THOROLD ROGERS:	The Economic Interpretation of History
WALTER LIPPMANN:	Drift and Mastery
JAMES BRYCE:	Modern Democracies
BERTRAND RUSSELL:	Proposed Roads to Freedom
WALDO BROWN (editor):	Man or the State
W. G. SUMNER:	Folkways
J. J. ROUSSEAU:	The Social Contract
FRANCIS NEILSON:	The Old Freedom
EDWARD P. CHEYNEY:	Industrial and Social History of England
JOHN REED:	Ten Days Which Shook the World

SEYMOUR DEMING:	A Message To The Middle Class
G. H. D. COLE:	Social Theory
E. A. ROSS:	Principles of Sociology
A. LAWRENCE LOWELL:	Essays on Government
SIDNEY LOW:	The Governance of England
M. I. OSTROGORSKI:	Democracy And The Organization of Political Parties
S. AND B. WEBB:	A Constitution for The Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain
JOHN RUSKIN:	Unto This Last
JAMES BRYCE:	The American Commonwealth

The imagination of young readers has often been caught by the famous books dealing with ideal commonwealths—utopias. The following list is suggested as affording likelihood of giving both pleasure and profit:

PLATO:	Republic
SIR THOMAS MORE:	Utopia
CAMPANELLA:	The City of the Sun
SAMUEL BUTLER:	Erewhon
WILLIAM MORRIS:	News From Nowhere
EDWARD BELLAMY:	Looking Backward
W. H. HUDSON:	A Crystal Age
H. G. WELLS:	A Modern Utopia

All the main currents of world politics and of the important immediate social and political problems confronting the world are dealt with in the better type magazines. Knowledge of the developments of the contemporary culture of each country and the rise of celebrities in the various fields can scarcely be secured save from periodicals. The popular American magazines give some material along these general lines but it is sensationally featured and is unnecessarily sugar-coated with scatter-brained fiction.

 *The Yale Review* and *The Atlantic Monthly* rather successfully deal with important events and outstanding personalities.

There is an admirable weekly magazine published in America which—to a degree rare in the American magazines—assumes information and intelligence on the part of its readers. This magazine prints nothing written in America but gives the most important articles on a wide range of subjects which appear in the best papers of the whole world outside America. The paper is ably edited. It is entitled: *The Living Age*. Weekly perusal of it will give a wide view of the world and much highly interesting cultural material.

The Nation is a weekly magazine which represents some of the best aspects of American culture and brings a wide range of valuable material to its readers.

Both of these magazines are almost essential to any American with real curiosity concerning the life of the world about him. In their brief compass they give information and understanding not to be gained so easily—if at all—from any other sources.

MUSIC

The sincere enjoyment of good music and some knowledge of the best music are essential parts of culture. There are few people who lack the capacity for enjoyment of good music if it is once properly brought before them.

In this day of ubiquitous phonographs there is little excuse for failure to attempt to learn the secret of the universal appeal of that music which is only considered fine and great because it has given so much pleasure to so many people of all ages, races, types and kinds.

So-called popular music delights at first but grows wearisome very quickly.

Good music may not make such an immediate favorable impression but is more greatly enjoyed the more it is heard and never grows tiresome or tedious.

A splendid way to learn to love good music is simply to keep playing records that are worth while over and over until the music has become familiar. Almost imperceptibly one will discover that a new world of enjoyment has been opened up and the music, previously loved, will appear very tawdry and tiresome.

It is not without reason that what is called good music lasts for years, for generations and for centuries, while the popular music which seems so delightful for a week or a month becomes so tedious and tiresome after a brief time.

Some people have a natural love for good music. Most Americans—probably because of the great prevalence of popular music—find it necessary to acquire appreciation and love for it.

How can such appreciation and love be acquired?

Certainly not by mere forceful effort or by pretense.

But there are other ways.

One may not be able to find enjoyment at a symphony concert where Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is heard for the first time. One may not be able to find enjoyment on first hearing *Madame Butterfly* or *Bohème* or *Pagliacci* sung. *For the untrained and unmusical man has to hear such music many times before the truest and fullest enjoyment is derived from it.* And, too often, one evening of boredom establishes an assurance that: "I have no ear for music" and no future efforts are made to hear it.

There is some good music which is universally known and—even if hackneyed—gives pleasure to many people who think they do not like music. It gives pleasure simply because it has been heard until it is known and can be followed. The average non-musical person, for example, likes Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and Schubert's "Serenade", Wagner's "Prize Song", Chopin's "Funeral March" and similar pieces which are frequently played in places of public resort.

Equal or greater pleasure can be secured from the greatest music existing if one proceeds properly.

Let the average man who thinks that he does not like "grand opera," for example, buy

some of the records from Puccini's "La Bohême" or "Madame Butterfly" or from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" which are listed below. Let him adopt toward them as bored and hostile or as indifferent an attitude as he may choose. Only let him play them—interspersed with music which he does like. Let him play them over at intervals until he has heard each of them eight or ten times—until the themes and melodies have grown familiar to him. Then—when opportunity offers—let him go to hear the operas from which they are taken and it is most improbable whether that man will ever again say that he "does not like opera." So with other truly fine operas, so with symphony or chamber music. If it is really meritorious and is heard frequently enough it will be liked.

Some of the music listed below will be liked at first hearing. Other pieces may be thought stupid or incomprehensible at first hearing. The author of this book ventures to believe, however, that if the records are played in the right atmosphere and frequently enough, many of them will be liked and enjoyed by almost any man or woman of any temperament. If they are so liked the feeling that "classic music" or "grand opera" music is some dull

and incomprehensible thing will be removed and the first introduction to the wealth and glory of the world's music will be given. Once given, there should be little difficulty experienced in penetrating as far into the treasure house of music as one cares to proceed.

And what a tremendous new pleasure will have been added to life!

ITALY

Puccini:

La Bohême:	Che gelida manina Musetta Waltz Mi chiamano Mimi
Madama Butterfly:	O quanti occhi fisi Un bel dì vedremo Tutti i fior

Leoncavallo:

Pagliacci:	Prologo Coro delle campane Che volo d'augelli
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FRANCE:

Charpentier:

Louise:	Depuis le jour
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Debussy:

	En bateau
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RUSSIA:

Glazounow:

Méditation

Borodin:

Prince Igor:

Chorus of the Tartar
Women*Rimsky-Korsakow:*

Chanson Indoue

*Tschaikowsky:*Chanson triste
Andante cantabile

GERMANY:

Wagner:

Die Walküre:

Ride of the Valkyries

Bach:

Suite in D. Major:

Air for the G string

Mozart:

Quartet in D. Major:

Andante

THE FINE ARTS

The acquisition of knowledge about, and appreciation of, the great art of the world will probably be found more difficult than any other aspect of culture. In America it is particularly difficult for the man outside the great cities where are museums, galleries and the print rooms of great libraries.

Several facts must be kept in mind: the mere looking at miles of pictures in galleries, the mere efforts to force oneself to appreciate and like these pictures will never get one very far.

There is no particular merit in a picture as a picture. It might be well for the cultural development of man if a large number of existing paintings were destroyed.

Particularly in the field of art our fundamental axiom that one must *delight* in things in order to advance culturally holds true.

Amid the hundreds of thousands of pictures and statues of the world there are pictures and statues which must, perforce, delight and please you no matter what your temperament or type.

Much fun has been made of the person who says: "I don't know much about art but I know what I like."

And, of course, if such a thing is said in an arrogant, intolerant spirit it is rather tiresome.

But one must "like" works of art. That is what they are for. If certain works of art are universally admired, if we see that they do give very great pleasure to many kinds of people we should certainly try to analyze our own failure—if such exists—to appreciate or

enjoy them. Pretense or frenzied effort will not help. Only *cultivation* of our understanding, of our sense of beauty, of our desire to add every wholesome new pleasure and inspiration to our lives, can develop appreciation.

When Whistler's famous "Battersea Bridge" was first painted, a great art critic—John Ruskin—condemned it severely and said that "an ignorant charlatan" was "flinging a pot of paint in the British public's face." When Whistler's portrait of "Miss Alexander" was first exhibited it was so caustically criticised by all the journals that the little girl whose portrait it was grew ashamed to be known as the subject of it.

Today we see that these two pictures are works of very great and distinguished beauty. They have shown us beauty where we had not, before, seen it.

The incidents are mentioned in order to show that there is no inflexible criterion of taste and beauty. Great painters and critics who knew much about art did not "like" Whistler's novel work. Yet it was beautiful and is now so considered.

Let us consider certain phases of the fine arts not generally made clear.

There are two aspects of all the fine arts:

There is the art which is spiritual stimulation—which embodies some great concept, or uplifts and ennobles the beholder.

There is the art which merely decorates—which embellishes, refines life, expresses some rare type of personality or opens new aspects of physical beauty.

The first kind of art is the greater. But it is rare.

In it the artist has first acquired great facility, perfected *technique* and has, then, used these to embody, or portray or express some great idea or ideal. His work may not be immediately and obviously beautiful to the beholder who does not understand it.

The famous statue by August Rodin entitled "*Le Penseur*" is art of this sort. This great statue expresses the mystery of man's existence and his tremendous curiosity as to the meaning and purpose of his life.

A man—appreciative of such work—who suddenly sees this statue while lost in thought about some immediate personal problem or about some trivial or banal experience or adventure, is brought hard and fast up against the thought of the tremendous mystery of his own mere existence. He is lifted out of immediate trivialities into a higher plane of

thought. "*Le Penseur*" is not pretty or graceful. It has nothing to say to the shallow, the vulgar, the stupid. But, nevertheless, it is a great work of art. It has rhythm and great beauty for those who understand. It embodies a great, eternal conception.

So with the famous drawings of Albrecht Dürer—made about the time America was being discovered. Here is marvellous *technique*, almost unbelievable capacity, used to express great universal ideas. To those whose taste and understanding have been vitiated or destroyed by the mere prettiness which is called "art" in America these prints may appear not only incomprehensible but even ugly. Yet study the print entitled "*Melancholia*" or the one entitled "*Ritter, Tod und Teufel*" (The Knight, Death and the Devil).

The first of these symbolizes the melancholia, the hopelessness and despair, which come—at some time—to all men. All the instruments of science are left unused. And the winged figure broods as men brood when all effort seems hopeless.

In the second picture the knight—representing the disciplined aspiration of man—progresses despite all obstacles. The pleasure city on the hill does not allure him, death

and the devil do not hinder him, the knowledge that life is fleeting and incomprehensible does not stop him. He goes on his way—as the aspiration of man must always go—despite melancholia, despite doubt and evil.

Over each of these pictures one can ponder and study for hours—discovering new excellences, new beauties. The fact that any man could draw as these pictures are drawn is, in itself, remarkable while the fact that the great facility is used to express universal ideas of life renders the pictures—like the statue of Rodin's—great works of art.

A Corot painting of a misty landscape is a very fine type of decorative art.

Most art is decorative art. It is infinitely diverse. It assumes a million forms. It shows every aspect of life as seen by every type of man. There is no normal man or woman who cannot find some great picture or statue or other work which will delight them. It may be one of the sun-saturated paintings of the Spaniard Sorolla; it may be an ancient Greek head of a lovely youth; it may be a virile and startling picture by the German Stuck or an etching or painting by the Swede Zorn.

The field is so great, so wide that one cannot write of it except in broad and sweeping terms. But the great fact remains: *the fine arts exist to inspire or to delight you.* You must equip yourself with the understanding and appreciation to receive what they have to give.

There follows a list of books which deal with art and artists in such manner as may cast new light upon the subject of art and may awaken imagination and appreciation and send one seeking to see the great works described.

ELIE FAURE:	History of Art
AUGUST RODIN:	Art
JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFFE:	Modern Art
CARL LARSSON:	Das Haus in der Sonne
JAMES HUNEKER:	Promenades of an Impressionist
CAMILLE MAUCLAIR:	The French Impressionists
GEORGE MOORE:	Modern Painters
S. REINACH:	Apollo—An illustrated manual of the history of art through the ages
ROCKWELL KENT:	Wilderness
E. A. PARKYN:	Prehistoric Art
BANISTER F. FLETCHER:	History of Architecture
ROYAL CORTISSOZ:	Art and Common sense

RICHARD MUTHER:	History of Modern Painting
FRANK WEITENKAMPT:	How to Appreciate Prints
SAMUEL ISHAM:	History of American Painting

CONTACTS

Books, music, pictures, magazines—these are accessible to almost everyone. They are valuable, indeed essential, to the development of culture or of a broad and liberal and informed outlook upon life.

But personal contacts are also necessary. The clarification of thought, the stimulation of interest which come from discussion or from enjoyment shared with others—these make life infinitely more zestful and colorful. They give a mellowness and joy which solitary enjoyment of literature and art can seldom give.

All who desire culture should seek contact with people of similar tastes, inclinations and enthusiasms.

The essence of culture is growth, development—like ripples spreading in water. Personal contact with other growing and aspiring minds can stimulate this growth and development illimitably.

There is a free masonry between men of real culture before which barriers of race and age and class go quickly down. Two men, for example, who discover that each has read and liked W. H. Hudson's "Green Mansions" have an immediate bond of understanding which sport or business can rarely give. Develop a sincere and enthusiastic appreciation of music and art and you will find new contacts without effort. Like is drawn to like. Develop an enthusiastic interest in life, in literature, in disinterested knowledge and you will find that your acquaintance with cultivated people will enlarge surprisingly.

The mere surface qualities which so many Americans look upon as "culture" need little attention. Make yourself a fine person and automatically these qualities will develop. For a fine person, of necessity, thinks, feels and acts finely. Acquire a proper sense of the dignity and mystery of life, a proper sense of the beauty and splendor of the world and, inevitably, dignity and fine courtesy must develop.

Efforts to acquire the mere surface aspects of culture without the reality underneath are quite like the efforts to secure rosy cheeks with rouge rather than by wholesome life and pro-

per exercise and food. Little satisfaction is gained and few observers are fooled.

A wise man has said: "Produce fine people. The rest will follow." Make yourself a sincere and aspiring person. The rest will follow.

THE TECHNIQUE OF READING, BOOK COLLECTING AND LIBRARY BUILDING

To develop mentally, the reading of obviously trivial, silly or foolish books must be abandoned completely. Any kind of pleasure which such books are capable of giving can be secured in greater measure from worth-while books.

The vocabulary cannot be enlarged unless resort is made to a good dictionary to gain the real meaning of unfamiliar words. A good dictionary is, hence, indispensable. The habit of referring to atlases and encyclopaedias must also be acquired if knowledge and understanding are to be other than very superficial. The famous encyclopaedias are very desirable if they can be secured. The smaller and inexpensive Nelson and Everyman's Encyclopaedias, however, occupy little space and have much merit.

Too much reading is inadvisable. There are many men who have read themselves stupid. Wisely planned and directed reading is not likely, however, to produce such an effect.

Excellent books can now be obtained in small pocket editions. The Haldeman-Julius Company at Girard, Kansas, publishes some hundreds of volumes by the most famous writers of all lands and ages. These little books can be bought for less than ten cents apiece. Carried in pocket or handbag they can render pleasant and profitable many hours which might otherwise be frittered away on newspapers or magazine fiction. The Everyman's Library publishes nearly a thousand volumes of the greatest books of all time. Excellent material is to be found in the "Home University Library," "The Modern Library," "The Wayfarers' Library" and similar small and inexpensive volumes put out in uniform binding by various publishers.

New books must be purchased from bookshops selling such books. But it is to be remembered that the great books of the past can be secured at "second-hand" or "old" book stores for amounts sometimes almost incredibly small. True book lovers have al-

ways been drawn to old book-stores. Browsing among their shelves one encounters unexpected and unimagined volumes on every conceivable subject. Such stores are frequented by interesting men who know and love books. The best old-book shops have something of the atmosphere of the literary clubs and coffee houses of an earlier period in England.

Those who would build a library should certainly seek out such stores. And all those who seek continuous mental growth should seek to build libraries no matter how small. If a book is worth reading it is worth possessing. A true library is merely an external reflection of the owner's knowledge and interests and aspirations.

Collections of framed prints of great masterpieces and—if one plays no instrument—a collection of fine graphophone records can also give enduring satisfaction and pleasure. They turn a house into a home. They create an oasis of beauty and peace in a restless world. They are not expenditures in any real sense but investments which pay dividends of thousands per cent while retaining the principal almost intact.

In building a library—or any collection—destruction and wise selection are almost as essential as acquisition. If your library is to be a true delight it must be filled only with keen and alive books which have really stimulated or delighted you. To intermix such books with dull or stupid volumes which one has inherited or acquired in boyhood is to lose the essential feeling of your library as a perfect thing, however small. Discard from your shelves all stupid and dull and stodgy books. You would not mix stupid and dull and stodgy people with your brilliant and stimulating friends if you could help it. Your favorite books are your friends. Your favorite pictures and records are your friends. Do not insult them by putting them in company with trivial or silly or vulgar books and pictures and records.

CONCLUSION

The colleges and universities of America cost the country hundreds of millions of dollars each year.

The students at these colleges and universities give from four to eight years to attendance at thousands of lectures.

Many highly trained technicians in the various sciences are graduated from the colleges each June.

But it is an indubitable fact that the average college or university graduate in America is scarcely to be considered either a cultured or a liberally educated man if any valid standards are used by which to gauge him.

A small book of this kind can scarcely hope to give in a few hours what costly and elaborate institutions of learning do not give in many years.

Yet all real education is self-education. Too often the very intricacy of colleges causes confusion and lack of perspective. The student cannot see the forest for the trees. He rather expects knowledge to be instilled into him by some mysterious process without much

effort on his part. Often he studies in order to pass examinations rather than to learn for his own benefit. The social relations and the many highly specialised courses cause forgetfulness of the main object.

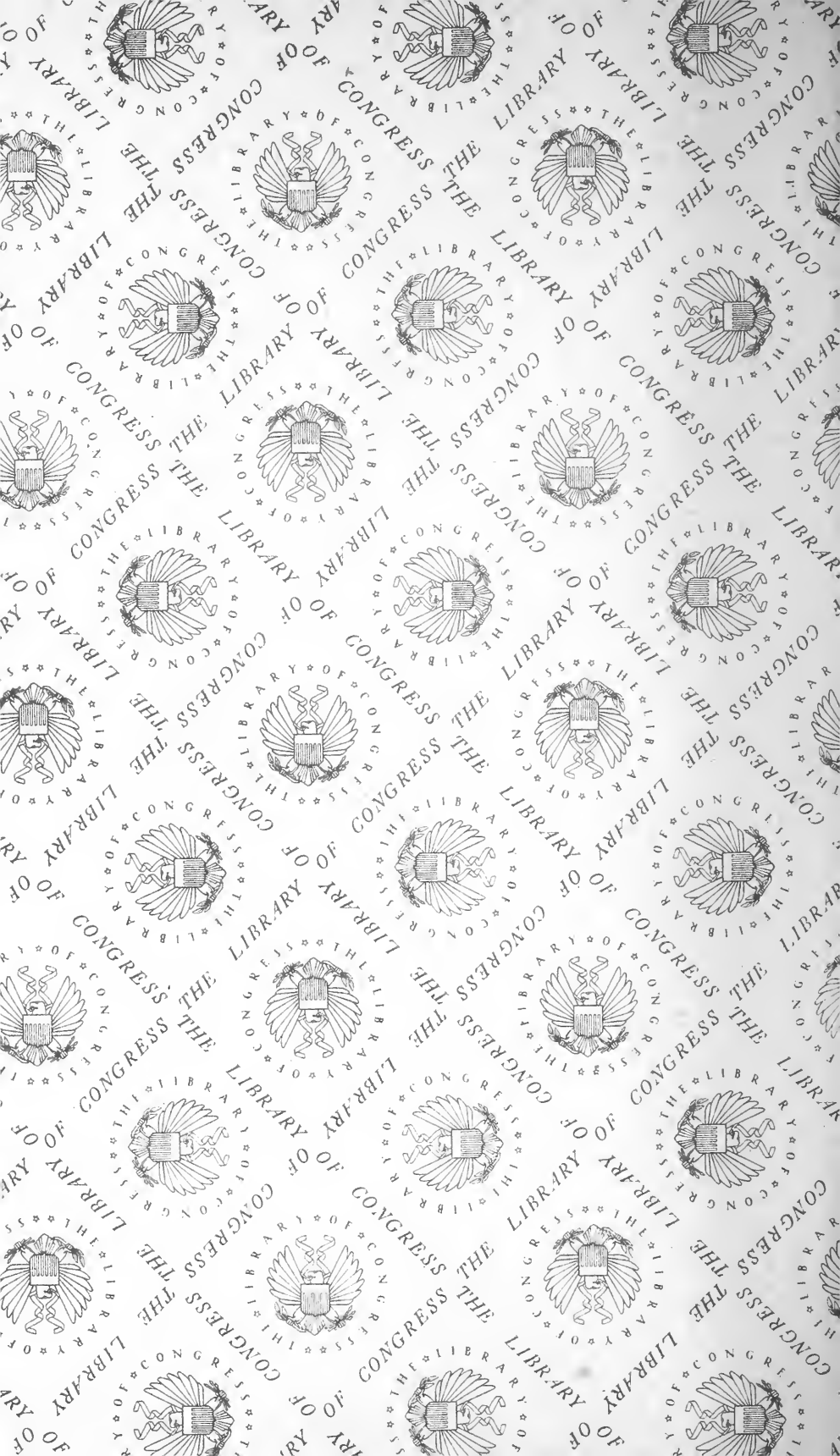
There are numerous very real and practical reasons why solitary reading according to a plan and program, as suggested in this book, may give many men and women what colleges might not give them.

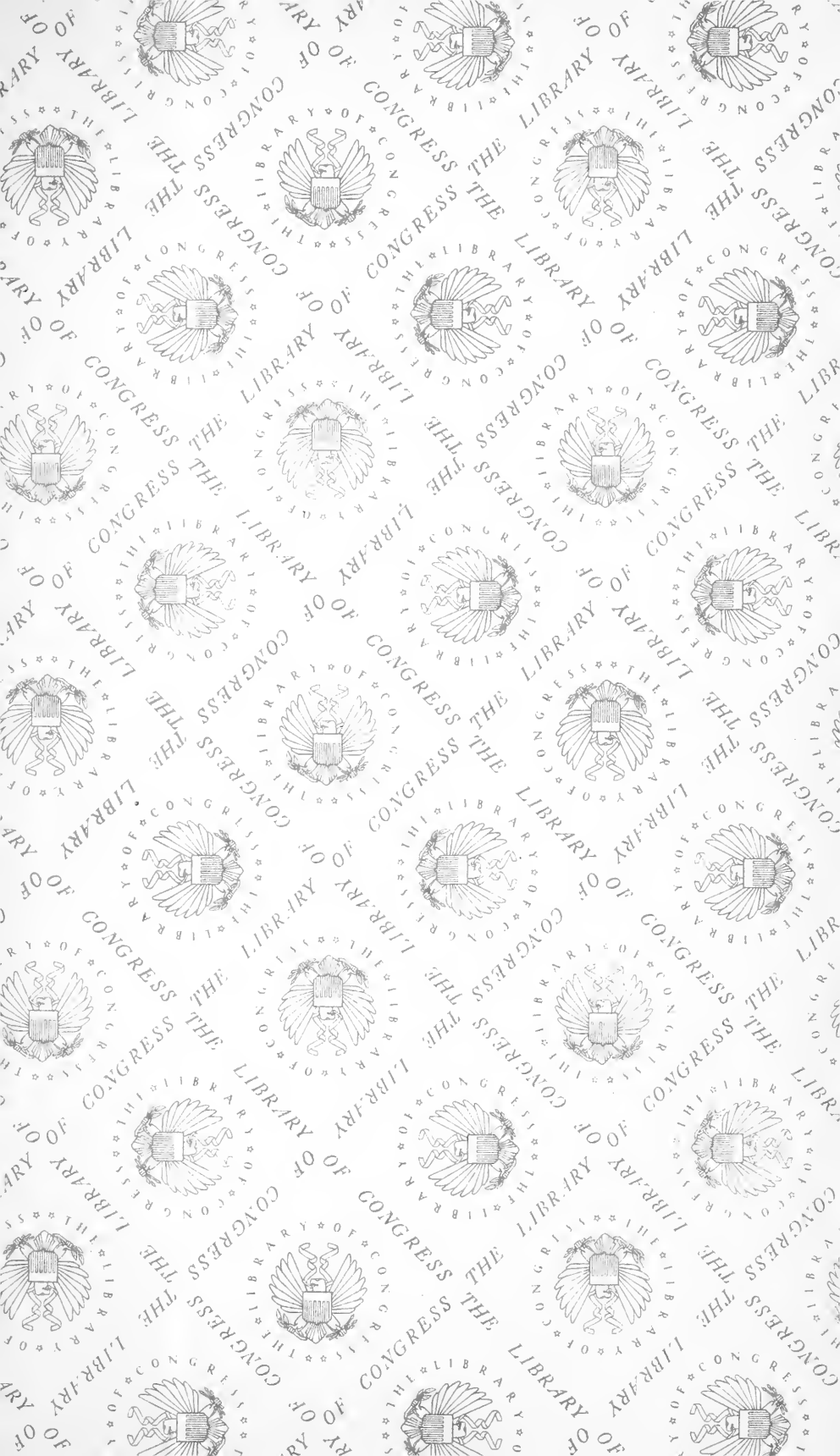
The great essential—whether at college or outside college—is to develop a new curiosity about every phase of life, and to set to work to gratify that curiosity, to utilize every brain cell, to know and to feel to the limit of one's possibilities.

Your mind is more than a kingdom. It is an illimitable empire.

Reign in it!







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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